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FOX FAMILY NEWS

VOL. 7 1918

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Vol. VII JANUARY 1, 1918 No. 1

Norman Fox and the Bible

By George Henry Fox

One of the most striking characteristics of my father was his wonderful familiarity with the Bible. I cannot say that this impressed me as a child, but I have often thought about it in later years. I vividly recall our morning prayers as the family knelt in the little front room of our home in Ferry Street, Schenectady. As to our evening prayers, I was usually fast asleep before their close. My father was wont to preface most of his prayers with long quotations from the Psalms. I can now recall his clear and sonorous voice and the echo of the words, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations" and "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits" is still ringing in my ears even after the lapse of more than sixty years. I recall how he used to pray for "a world lying in sin and wickedness," for "all those languishing on beds of sickness" and many other favorite expressions. He often referred to death in his prayers and I have seldom attended a funeral since without repeating his quotation from Ecclesiastes, "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

When my aunt Selina died in our home at "the Mills" near Painted Post I was in her room with my father and as she drew her last breath I remember that he said in a low voice, "She has gone to see the King in his beauty."

When my brother William came up from his camp at Elmira to bid goodbye to the family before starting for the seat of war in Virginia, I was with my father in the garden. Hurriedly and thoughtlessly my brother grasped our hands and my father, without any external evidence of the emotion which he certainly felt, simply said, "The Lord cover thy head in the day of battle."

The present generation is unfortunately much less familiar with the Bible than the last. Were it not so we might oftener hear effective scriptural quotations in public addresses and less of the "latest slang" in private speech.

Extracts of letters letters written by Edgar to his family.

Have just come from a lecture on mail censorship, which created in my mind the unique idea of dashing off a first installment of a letter home.

I am still in doubt as to how much I can say, but will start off bravely and talk till I'm stopped. Just now some one is ragging a piano and somewhat syncopating my disconnected thoughts. And the sun is shining bright and the wind blowing fierce (but not too strong) and everything is rosy. All passengers this trip are officers, in charge, presumably, of Brig. Gen. Blank, though he never bothers us; and we are treated as first-class passengers, with all, or

nearly all, the luxuries of such. No reveille, no taps, and as yet no formation, though we will have life-boat drill soon. Two sittings for meals, and no army food, but the usual 5-meal-a-day steamer fare. I'm in a sizable room with two others; rooms were assigned alphabetically, so I did very well. Bath at 8:15, etc. And, all in all, it seems a long way to war.

I know quite a few of the other men on board, and naturally every one is very informal now, and we dispense with saluting, which is a relief. All lights go out at sundown, and smoking on deck after dark is *taboo*. Personally I have cut out cigarettes and don t mind any fumatory limitations.

A very lazy life. It's even a hard task to study French, but I hope to get in a little lingual work.

Had some very assuring target practice yesterday; our 4" guns smashed up barrels, at various ranges up to 1 mile, with encouraging precision. Not that I was worrying; am become too confirmed a fatalist to worry about anything so trivial as submarines, *laissez-fair*, say I. That's a fine policy for you, mother, if you could only adopt it; why plan what you will serve dad for dinner? Just go ahead and eat hearty, whatever fate decides to give you! Ah! You smile at that, don't you? At any rate, if you confine your worrying to the diurnal food question, I'll feel so much more at ease. Mess call for lunch; here endeth the first installment.

At breakfast this morning we dropped anchor in a Canadian port and apparently will wait here several days. Two other troop ships are also waiting here and have been for a few days. The question of shore leave hasn't yet been decided, nor the question of whether any mail will be sent from here, so we are loafing aboard and beginning to feel a touch—just a touch, of ennui, though none has yet waxed unbearably profane.

Cloudy and considerably colder today, with a feel of snow in the air. One of those many promised sweaters wouldn't feel bad; I unfortunately left mine in the trunk which is in the hold but I have the overcoat and have no difficulty in keeping the corpuscles jumping around.

Had a lifeboat drill yesterday P. M; 2 long toots on the whistle summon us to crawl into our cork jackets and scurry up to a place near the designated lifeboat.

The only other item of absorbing interest at present is the fact that while shaving this morning, some one cut a deep gash in my chin, and I look like a freshman at Heidelberg. The embryonic mustache adds to the likeness.

Big day, today. Shore leave was granted, and we all went to town on a tug and barge, and found practically nothing to be done. It rained constantly, and all the stores closed at noon, so we were reduced to a bath at the Y. M. C. A. and the movies. The bath was most welcome, as baths on board are not considered healthy while the ship is in port, and the chance to stretch our legs has been taken full advantage of in spite of the rain.

We learned of a rumor current at home that a ship was shelled by a U-boat off Nantucket, recently. The time and place coincided exactly with our target practice, and I'm sure that is the basis for the rumor, and it shows why you must not give any credence to unofficial newspaper talk. Don't worry about us till you know it is too late to worry, and then, of course, there will be nothing to worry about.

The voyage is nearly over. We are now running up an English river to an English port, and we will probably land

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about noon and proceed further on our course. And somewhat to my disappointment we didn't have a sparkle of excitement the entire trip; nary a sub was heard from. I had hoped to at least see a couple, and perhaps have a torpedo miss our stern by 2 feet—they always miss by 2 feet, you know—and then get a few of our guns in action and sink the tin devils. But I won't complain.

Several days ago a flock of destroyers met us and since then we have made our particular part of the ocean look like Fifth Avenue at tea time. A most unusual sight.

Since being in the danger zone each man has had to tote his cork jacket with him on all occasions, and these encumbrances added quite a touch of humor to our meals, as we didn't quite know what to do with the damn things. A good many slept on deck, and very few, though bearing the confinement of their cabins, took many clothes off. I didn't, and I thought taking a bath was taking quite a chance, but the bath invariably won.

And so we are here and about to start on the serious work. And, with every optimistic fatalism, I am enjoying life and the prospect of continuing it for some little time.

We left last night about 6 and arrived in this port at 4 A. M. No sleeping accommodations, of course, but very comfortable going, and I tucked away a good nap. On arrival here, however, we found we hadn't been expected so soon and there was no provision for the resumption of the sleep. The channel boat has a few cabins, but these were locked, and there was no light or heat on board. Two others and I pushed round with the aid of matches, and finally parked ourselves on soft wood benches, and slept very well till 8:30. Woke up then to find a terrific rainstorm under way, but we had to eat, and to this hotel we came and had the best breakfast in town, porridge, ham and eggs, tea, marmalade, etc. Then we reported back to our ship at 11:00 and were told to report again at 6:00. It is now 4:00, and I've bathed, shaved, and slept, and I feel like a bit of tea. If we cross tonight, which is still uncertain, God help our tummies.

At present I consider myself in Utopia, it being doubly Utopian in contrast to the last several days of almost infernal travelling. The night after I last wrote, we, about—well, I must not state the number—but a tremendous bunch of us were sardined on a channel steamer; actually every square inch of deck space was occupied and we sat out, glorious moonlight but rougher than I had ever imagined a sea could be. And yet, I never had a qualm. This fortunate state of affairs I attribute largely to the fact that I maintained a superlatively prone position almost the entire voyage. Two of us were stretched out on a hatch in the center of the boat, suit cases for pillows and covered by a raincoat, which struggled to defy the intermittant showers, but was powerless against the harrowing cold and wind. God! it was cold, but we dared not move and we couldn't have walked anyhow, so we shivered and stuck it out.

Toward the end of the trip when I was feeling pretty cocky, I ventured below, and the sight of the twisted bodies

in the piles of baggage on the stairs, benches and floors was one I'll never forget. I stumbled over hundreds and they would grunt, or curse, or moan, according to their elevation of spirits, and try again to sleep. A thoroughly uncomfortable night, but one I wouldn't have missed for much. We docked on the other side about 4 A. M. and stayed on board till about 7, dirty, haggard and weary, yet very thankful to have made the grade. There we unloaded trunks for several hours, on empty stomachs, and then went to a so-called rest camp a few miles out of the city. Here we stayed a day and night and part of the next night, but found no rest. No one knew or could foretell when we would be ordered on, and so we were kept constantly on the qui vive, being allowed to go to town occasionally to get some food. I acquired another bath—apparently baths are to become landmarks from now on—and felt human again.

Family News.

Mr. Lyman C. Hedge a subscriber, is a member of Company 7, Fort Snelling Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Second Lieutenant Howard Freeman has been ordered to Galveston, Texas. He can be addressed to Co. D, Marine Barracks, Postmaster, New York.

Stuart has been made a Second Lieutenant in the Field Artillery and is stationed at Leon Springs, Texas.

Charles Ivins has received his appointment as first alternate for West Point and is in Washington at the Army and Navy Preparatory School.

Clinton Ivins has been commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Ordnance Reserve Corps, in the production section of the gun division. His address is 1333 F. street, Washington, D. C.

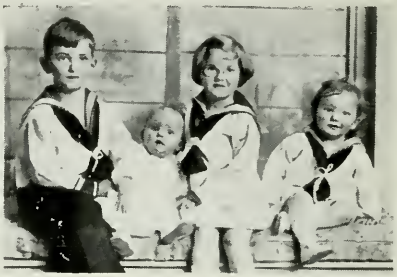
George Henry and Gertrude have adopted an eight months old boy. He has been named Darwin Olcott Fox and is called Olcott.

A U. S. post office inspector said recently that there is no post office in the State of New York which has a higher record than the Ballston office. One of our subscribers, Mr. William S. Waterbury, is Postmaster.

Helen and Mason entertained at dinner on Thanksgiving day and had representatives of the Trowbridge Mason and Fox families with Marie Wait and Montague Howard present. After the turkey and mince pie, etc., the time honored "Johnny Smoker" was sung by the children, young and old. Cousins Louise and Hope Ivins with Clinton in uniform and Cousin Louise Wait motored over from Plainfield before the party broke up. Ada and Walter also entertained on that day and among their guests were Bert, Anna and the "Colonel".

NOTE: The next installment of "Henry Brooks of Woburn, Mass." will be continued in the March number.

"Helen's Babies."



Mason, Adaline, Harriet and George

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The Annual Reunion.

The fourteenth annual reunion of the family was held on January 1st, at the Hotel Bonta, twenty-nine members of the family and two guests being present. The dinner again took place in the middle of the day, which made it possible to start the successful precedent of having a number of the very youthful members with us. An enjoyable feature of the dinner was the presence of Norman and Bert, the former appearing unexpectedly. Three of the members were in uniform, including Capt. Noel Bleecker Fox, First Lieutenant Alanson G. Fox, who had come from Richmond, Va., and Major Howard Fox.

The President of the Society (Uncle George) welcomed the members present and introduced Mason as toastmaster. Mason then proceeded to call a sort of rump convention of the "Associates" and ride roughshod over the "Descendants." Taking the chair, he spoke as follows:

"The first thing on the program is the annual business meeting of the associate members. The descendants need not leave the room, if they will keep quiet and not disturb the meeting. We will omit the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, and proceed at once to new business. In accordance with their custom the associates are to vote today upon the admission of a new member."

Montague then moved that Miss Smith be admitted. The motion was carried and the vote announced by the chair to Miss Smith.

Chairman: "Each of the dinners of the society has been marked by some special incident. This time we have with us two of the family who are named after Norman Fox, in whose honor the society was founded. I spoke to little Norman about making a few remarks, but he said he knew his cousin wanted to say something and he would let him do it. So I call on Norman, the elder."

Norman then told some entertaining yarns about several of the family who, as children used to visit Painted Post. He made us all wish that nothing might happen to prevent his being with us in the future at our annual reunions.

Chairman: "The chair believes in mixing business with pleasure. Having had the pleasure of hearing from Norman, I now call on Montague. I regret to state that it has come to the knowledge of the chair that there was $3.50 left over from last year's dinner fund, which has not been accounted for. I am obliged reluctantly to call on Montague to explain what has become of this surplus."

Montague then announced that the surplus had been put in War Saving Stamps, which he thereupon distributed among the members present.

Chairman: "If to eat a dinner and have savings stamps left over at the end is not 'saving and serving with Hoover' the chair does not know what is. The chair will now explain to the members who have not attended recent dinners that the Society is unfortunately torn with faction because the associates have not been given a vote in its affairs. Long before President Wilson emerged from the obscurity of Princeton University, the chair-

man had begun the fight for democracy in this Society; to make the Society safe for Associates. Aunt Cornelia and Aunt Annie are planning, the chair may say, to picket the residence of Uncle George, as President of the Association, in the near future, until the vote is given.

In view of the unsettled condition of the country we do not propose to make any militant efforts for the vote at this time, but shall merely give a demonstration of our fitness. We have arranged for a series of contests between the members and the associates by which we expect to establish the superior mental attainments of the latter. Before we enter into the contests, I will, however, call upon Uncle Robert to speak to us and caution us against allowing the contests to become too acrimonious."

Uncle Robert then spoke in his usual delightful manner, among other things praising the children present and displaying great skill in distributing his praise evenly so as not to arouse any jealousy among the various members present.

The chairman: "When the Apostle Paul undertook to be all things to all men, his task was child's play compared with that which Uncle Robert has just successfully discharged—being all things to all mothers."

The chair next called on Charles, and appointed the military members of the family present a committee of three to escort him to the floor, and, if necessary, to put him under arrest.

When the applause subsided, Prof. Fox proceeded to get off a little joke on his medical uncle and cousin, speaking as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Not long ago I gave the history of a case of dermatitis before our Bethlehem Medical Society. This case may be considered from a dermatological point of view as one of the most interesting that have arisen in the last few years. I have been unable to find anything like it in either Slobheimer or Kitzelhaut, nor yet have I found anything in the writings of Prof. Grattepeaux. As this was a personal experience of my own, I am in a position to give the history of the case almost from the earliest moment of its inception. It made its appearance after a period of unprecedented hot weather during last August, a time of perspiration and desperation. I first noticed the phenomenon in question when I awoke early one morning just before daybreak. I became aware of what might be called a hypertrophy of the lower posterior region of the occipital protuberance. It was but slightly elevated, was about the size of an old-time silver three-cent piece and seemed to have well defined edges. It did not pain, it did not burn, it did not itch, in fact it was not particularly sensitive to the touch. There were no papules, either indurated or otherwise. It was neither rough nor uneven to the touch, but rather hard and smooth and somewhat glancous, although there were no exudations of moisture. Knowing the danger of unskillful handling of hypertrophies in persons of 45 or over I went at my investigations carefully. I did not care to superinduce any malignant growth or other cancerous tendency. For you know in the matter of hypertrophy men over 45 are somewhat in the category of certain ladies who of late have been found hanging around the White House. 'The never do well if they picket.' So I carefully inserted my finger nail under the edge of what turned out to be something of the nature of a squamous patch, which without much trouble yielded to slight pressure and was easily removed. The patch was of a dark reddish pigmentation and by closer scrutiny I was able to make out as the light became clearer, exactly in the center of the round patch the figure 6⅞. This, I think, is the only authenticated case of *Numerosus Strawhaticus*."

Montague, as Chairman of the Dinner Committee, then read telegrams of greeting from Ethel and from the faithful Rob and Nellie. The chairman remarked at

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the conclusion that when he first joined the family he was under the impression that "Rob and Nellie" was a single individual, doubtless some Italian relative.

The following letter kindly sent by General Simeon M. Fox was read: "I appreciate highly the annual invitation sent me for the yearly banquet of the Descendants of Norman Fox, as I have always appreciated the honorary membership accorded to me in your society, yet I would be something of an alien in the close family organization that you have gathered together if I should intrude at one of your feasts. I know that the stranger would be welcomed, and were I in reach I would forget how distant our kinship might be, and warm the cockles of my heart in the glow of your hospitality; but, alas, the weary miles, and the almost seventy-seven years present a bar not easily passed, and so I send regrets.

I send you a hearty greeting, with the cordial wish for good luck and happiness to you all. And to those who have answered the call of our country a special greeting, and a God bless you, to you all."

A letter from Clinton followed: "I desire to express to all the members of the Fox Family assembled, my sincere regrets on my inability to be present and keep up the good old New Year's custom. But as you know my time is not my own these days, and things are going so fast and furiously down here in Washington that I couldn't even arrange to get away for the day. I hope other members of the family in service will be more fortunate than I am, and can join your festive board for just a short time.

Please give to those of my brothers-in-arms who are there my very best regards, and also to the other members of the family, and, while I regret my absence from your midst, I am certainly proud and glad to be on your list in the family.

My particular function in the general order of events is the production of artillery ammunition, trench warfare material and aircraft bombs, and to those of our members in the various arms of the service who carry on and deliver these tokens of our regard to the Kaiser, God grant them speed, accuracy and determination to make every shot tell.

With best wishes to all, and sincerest regrets from Marguerite and myself, I am, yours very sincerely, Clinton F. Ivins."

The following members of the family were present: Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Cornelia, Aunt Annie, Cousin Louise Ivins, Ada, Gertrude, Alice, Adaline, Edith, Helen, Bertha, Rachel, Uncle George, Uncle Robert, Walter, Norman, Montague, Charles, Bert, Howard, Noel, Alanson, Mason, Kenneth, and as Junior members, Beatrice, Marion, Norman 4th, Montague, Jr., and Harvey. As guests, Miss Cornelia Trowbridge and Miss Lyle Smith were present. H. F.

Henry Brooks of Woburn Mass.

(Continued)

In addition to the children mentioned in the foregoing will there was certainly a daughter Martha, who about 1644 had married Thomas (2) Bateman (William 1) of Concord. Said Martha died August 3, 1665; several of her children were brought up by members of the Brooks family. It is also very probable that the Mary Brooks who married in Watertown, Mass., June 24, 1650, Richard (2) Norcross (Jeremiah 1) was another daughter of Henry Brooks. She died Feb. 21, 1671-2. It is also barely possible that the Thomas Brooks who settled early in East Haddam, Conn., was another son of Henry Brooks. Said Thomas Brooks died Oct. 18, 1653. The identity of the daughter Martha

Bateman is conclusively proved by the original records, the daughter Mary and son Thomas are both reasonable conjectures, but each lack decisive proof.

The daughter "Lestor" mentioned in the will undoubtedly refers to Hannah, who in 1647 had become the second wife of Thomas (1) Fox of Concord, after the death of Thomas Fox in 1658, she, in 1661, became the third wife of Andrew (1) Lester, of New London, Conn. Three of her sons by Thomas Fox, Samuel, John, and Isaac, and a daughter Hannah, who in 1668 married at New London Daniel (2) Lester (Andrew 1), dwelt in New London and their families are all to be accounted for in Connecticut.

Henry (1) Brooks removed before 1650 from Concord to Woburn, Mass. His first wife doubtless died about date of removal, and before 1651 he had married, second, Susanna, the widow of Ezekiel Richardson of Woburn, her husband having died Oct. 21, 1647. She died Sept. 15, 1681, and he married, third, July 12, 1682, Anna Jaquith—doubtless a widow—who survived him. All the children were by the first unidentified wife, and are as follows:

to be continued

Family News.

Uncle Robert and Aunt Elizabeth have gone to Toronto, Canada, where they expect to remain until May. Uncle Robert is supplying a church whose pastor has left for the front.

Capt. Noel Fox is taking a course of instruction in artillery fire at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Second Lieutenant Stuart Freeman is at present with Battery B, Artillery Training School, Camp Stanley, Leon Springs, Tex.

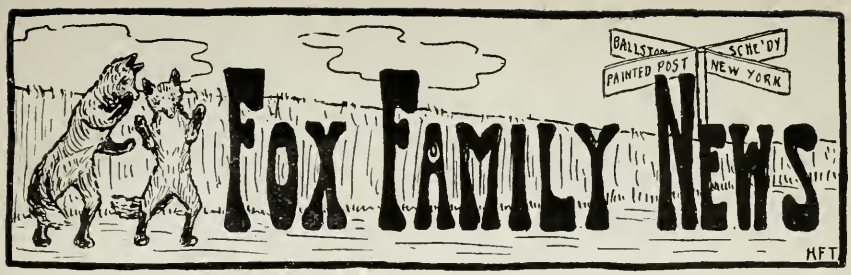
First Lieutenant Howard Freeman is stationed at Fort Crockett, Galveston, Tex. He is in the 107th Company, 8th Regiment U. S. Marine Corps.

Major Howard Fox, since his return to Camp Upton, has been acting as military instructor at the Base Hospital, giving a course of lectures and drill for the hundred medical officers stationed at the hospital.

Marvin Olcott Fox

Adopted son of George Henry and Gertrude Fox of Binghamton, New York

The following interesting item of news appeared in the *Courier News* of February 4th under the heading "CHARLES FOX IVINS NAMED FOR ANNAPOLIS." It read: "Charles F. Ivins, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt C. Ivins, of 931 Hillside avenue, has been named as principal for first appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, upon the recommendation of United States Senator J. S. Frelinghuysen, to fill one of three vacancies at the academy. Mr. Ivins took the preliminary examination for Annapolis early in January and the fact that he has been named as principal shows that he passed a highly creditable examination. He has a brother, Clinton Ivins, who is now in the service."



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"Lieut. Freeman Meets Premier"

The above headline appeared on April 19th in the Plainfield *Courier-News*, a paper that is publishing some of Lieut. Edgar Freeman's fascinating letters. In these letters he describes a recent meeting with Premier Clemenceau and gives a good idea of the exciting duties of an aerial observer. Here is the story:

"Feb. 28, 1918.

"A rainy, snowy afternoon, and, consequently, nothing stirring at the Escadrille, so I am answering letter No. 30, which arrived today, because it is rumored that we are to be sent off to a school soon and I may not get a chance to write for a few days. If the rumor be true it's most disheartening, for nowhere could we get better training in aerial observation work than here, for though the life is free and easy, I am learning more than any school could teach of how aerial work is actually carried on at the battle front. Still, cest la guerre and I'm still a soldier of fortune and must go whither the will of those higher up sends me.

Have been scheduled to adjust the fire of one of our batteries the past few days and made a motor trip over there to talk over the details, but the weather has been unfavorable and I'm afraid I may leave here without having made the adjustment, and at the school I suppose I'll fly around in antiquated Farmans and Coudrons and Voisins and run more risk than here at the front in regular machines. Such is the way of war—the nearer you get to the front the more luxurious and pleasant life is. Curious that it should be so, but so it seems. But perhaps it's the fact that near the front we live in with the French officers who have learned how to live comfortably and fight at the same time, while we Americans have the idea that hardships are an integral part of fighting and so undergo them as a matter of course.

Went to town yesterday for machine gun and rifle shooting, and incidentally got measured for my 1918 haircut; also visited the Y. M C. A. and secured some Sweet Caporals, the only brand obtainable. 'Ask Dad; he knows.' I enjoy a cigarette in bed after eating breakfast, and the rest of the day the old pipe is chosen to clog up my lungs."

"March 7, 1918.

"I am now in solitary glory at the Escadrille, and there is but one other American observer in the sector. The others left yesterday to take an advanced course in an aeronautic school, and the only reason two of us were left with the French Escadrilles is the curious one that we two were the only observers who had not formerly attended a school for observers, and tho inexplicable I won't complain, for as I said in a previous letter, this is the best possible training ground for aerial work, and I am delighted to remain

here, and though alone, I won't be lonely, for the French officers are a most companionable crowd, and I get along with them famously.

It has rained and snowed for the past week, but yesterday the weather was glorious and I made my first actual 'reglage,' or adjustment, of a battery firing. It makes a distinct phase in my aerial training, for now I know what the shots really look like from a height of 5,000 feet, and I must say they look pitifully small—little pinheads of dust and smoke—and it seems almost uncanny to see them and hear absolutely no sound. Also had my first experience of being shot at by enemy anti-aircraft guns; quite a number of shrapnel burst round us; we would see a curious puff of smoke just under us and then a whiz-bang report. I imagined I could hear fragments whistling through the rigging and am not yet convinced whether it was imagination or not.

It's also uncanny to work the wireless key, seemingly so silent and functionless, and then see the signals at the battery far below you respond to your touch almost immediately and have the guns fire at the command of your finger. A wonderful experience, and I'm more enamored of the air than ever.

Lunched today with an English Colonel of aviation. He has just arrived from America, where he had been looking over and advising the vast American air program. He was greatly pleased with the Liberty motor and also full of admiration for the progress that has been made at home in the construction of motors and planes.

It is now hinted about that my regiment and others are to leave this sector in the near future. What we will do I can better tell in later letters and my status will no doubt become even more delightfully uncertain. I hope they forget about me and leave me here.

No other particular news just now. Lots of love, and don't worry. Your letters, mother, cherie, are always cheerful, and I hope the cheer isn't forced."

"March 13, 1918.

"Have received flocks of mail this past week, dating from Dec. 10 to Feb. 19. Yesterday I essayed my second artillery adjustment and was entirely successful, except for the fact that the ground mist concealed all the shots from view, and so I was unable to accomplish anything to bring the war to a rapid conclusion. Had a fine ride, though sailing about at 6,200 feet, my highest altitude so far, and saw a whole fleet of Boche planes—unhappily or happily—out of range, and had the satisfaction of seeing them chased back home by French planes and anti-aircraft batteries.

Two days before, I took my first aerial photos, 22 of 'em, and the French officers seemed much pleased at the result. I photographed a road near the German lines about 10 kilometers long at an altitude of 4,800 feet, and though it sounds simple, it's quite a trick to manipulate the heavy, awkward camera in the confined quarters of the observer's seat. There is a bunch of little knobs to turn, and buttons to push, and regulators to regulate, and then you must take a picture every 8 or 10 seconds, so as to include all the terrain you pass over, make the pictures overlap and steer the pilot where you want to go and keep an eye open for enemy planes at the same time. My pictures turned out very well, and when we put them together the next day and marked out the areas covered on the map by each exposure it was found that I had included practically all the territory

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I was supposed to cover, which was very encouraging.

The day before Premier Clemenceau, General Petain and several other notables paid us a visit, and I lined up for inspection with the other observers and pilots. But as I was the only American there my distinctive uniform and campaign hat aroused some curiosity, for I heard the Premier asking questions about me, and when he passed down the line on his inspection he had quite a little talk with me in perfect English, and we shook hands and saluted in cordial French fashion. All our planes were lined up in formation, and the occasion was memorable, to say the least. 'Clem' was dressed in a droll drooping mustache, a crumpled circular bonnet and needed only a hoe to make him an essentially rural character. But he was kindly and observant, and his face had power and discretion. General Petain had a wonderfully strong face, and I was sorry I couldn't give him more time.

Tomorrow, if all goes well, I am to make adjustments for two batteries. This will make my twelfth flight—without, as yet, however, having brought down a Boche. May get one tomorrow.

Yesterday I ran out of cigarettes and pipe tobacco and made a resolution to knock off smoking till I could get some more American smoking equipment. I expected this would make up into a sizable period, as home smokables have been as scarce as coal lately. But, unfortunately for my anticipated test of self-control, we motored into town today to the machine gun and rifle range for our weekly shoot, and on the way back I dropped, experimentally, into the Y. M. C. A. and discovered there not only plenty of cigarettes and Prince Albert tobacco, but also an eager willingness to dispose of them. So my fingers will retain their yellow stain and my lungs their soot; thus you see how the Y. M. C. A. is bucking down with power.

Expect to leave here in about a week, for where or what, of course, I don't know. But you know my equable temperament."

Henry Brooks of Woburn Mass.

(*Continued*)

Martha, born ———; married about 1644, Thomas Bateman. She died Aug. 3, 1665.

Hannah, born about 1620; married at Concord, Dec. 13, 1647, Thomas Fox, who died April 14, 1658. She married, second, in 1661, Andrew (1) Lester, of New London. He died Jan. 7, 1669-70, and she married, third, after 1682, as second wife of Isaac (1) Willey, of New London. She died in 1692. She had three children by Lester, Timothy in 1662, Joseph, 1664, and Benjamin, 1666.

John, born about 1623. He married, Nov. 1, 1649, Eunice, daughter of Deacon John Mousall, of Woburn. She died Jan. 1, 1684, and he married, second, Mary the widow of Theophilus Richardson, and the daughter of John Champney, of Cambridge, Mass. He died in 1691.

Sarah, born ———; married May 12, 1650, John (2) Mousall, Jr. He died at Woburn, April 2, 1698, and she died in 1705.

Mary, born ———; married June 24, 1650, at Watertown, Richard (2), son of Jeremiah Norcross. She

died Feb. 24, 1671-2. (This Mary is placed here tentatively as a daughter of Henry Brooks, absolute proof of identity is lacking.)

Timothy, born ——; married Dec. 21, 1659, Mary, daughter of John Russell, of Woburn. It is thought that about 1663 he settled in East Lyme, Conn., but before 1670 returned to Massachusetts, and located in Billerica. His wife Mary died Sept. 15, 1680, and he removed to Swanzey, Mass., where he married, second, Mehitable, daughter of Roger Morey, and widow of Eldad Kingsley. He removed to New Jersey, and died there in 1712.

Joseph, born at Concord, Mass., April 12, 1641. He evidently died young.

Isaac, born about 1643. He married Jan. 10, 1665-6, Miriam Daniels. He died in Woburn, Sept. 8, 1686.

(To be continued)

Major Howard Fox *Lt. Alanson G. Fox*
Lt. George Henry Fox

War News

Alan has been appointed a special officer by the Federal Food Board and has charge of the enforcement of the food laws in New York State.

Alanson has been made squadron commander of the 635th Aero Squadron, a position he is well adapted to fill from his long training in the National Guard.

Mr. Arthur Crosby, known to many of the family as a former neighbor of the Glen Cove Foxes and recent Yale graduate, has been serving in France for some time. He has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre for gallantry as an ambulance driver while under fire.

Norman writes from Manistique that his time is pretty well taken up with Red Cross work, Liberty Loan Drive, etc., and adds that "It is tough for a red-blooded man to be cooped up so far from the scene of activities just because he happens to be over fifty years old."

Lieut. Howard Freeman (still at Galveston with the Marine Corps) has been active in forming a baseball team among the marines. They recently made a good showing against the White Sox, Howard acting as one of the pitchers. He has just had a strenuous detail for the past month as bayonet instructor.

"Walter has been working on Exemption Board No. 2 of Union County, N. J., and has just been sworn in as 'chief clerk,'" writes Ada. She adds that "he puts in eight or nine hours a day and is very much interested in the work." Not so bad for a man with three sons in the service. Needless to say his wife is just as busy with Red Cross work, as are several of her cousins, including Caroline, Alice and Adaline.

The sincere sympathy of the family is extended to Ethel for the recent death of her father.

FOX FAMILY NEWS

Vol. VII July 1, 1918 No. 4

Duties of a Squadron Commander.

By 1st Lieut. Alanson G. Fox

(Extracts from letters relating to his experience with the 635th Aero Squadron, at Richmond, Va.)

"If it will be of interest to you I will outline a few of the plans which I have already put into effect and some which I later expect to do. In the first place, you must understand that the organization of an aero squadron is something entirely new and radically different from a cavalry troop or a company of infantry. We have a certain number of men attached to the Supply Depot in a clerical capacity, a certain number attached to the transportation end of the game who act as truck drivers, chauffeurs, repair men, etc. Then we have our cooks, guard, fatigue, post exchange men. There are also a great number of special details.

The problem which confronted me when I received the order appointing me as Squadron Commander was this: to make of this outfit a company of disciplined soldiers. However, I have had to keep this in mind not to go too far at once into the military, as it is essentially a Supply Squadron. Until I took command, there had been no officer at reveille. The first sergeant had apparently been the whole thing. He is a man without any previous military experience, a man of force, but requiring a great deal of taming, and my problem is, if possible, to make a soldier out of him.

The organization of this Squadron is peculiar, in that it has about eighty-four non-commissioned officers, out of a hundred and fifty men. The reason for this large number of non-commissioned officers is this: the personnel of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps is of a very much higher order than that of the other branches of the service. I am speaking now of the enlisted men and not of the officers. Modesty forbids my saying anything about them. For instance, our men are all either skilled workmen or men educated along different lines, and the government naturally considers that they are worth higher pay and therefore creates this large number of noncoms.

In the first place I changed the hour for first call from 6.30 to 6.00 o'clock A. M., and left the morning mess at 7.00 A. M. as formerly. This allowed me to give the men a half hour at least of setting-up exercises or drill formation. The first sergeant took about five minutes to call the roll. I have now dispensed with that and save at least four minutes by having the outfit divided into squads and the squad leaders report, which I know, from my experience, will be of much benefit. The men, I know, enjoy the morning exercise, which they did not get all winter, and I think that it has a good moral effect, my appearing every morning at reveille. I have tried in vain to get some of the other officers who are attached here, but not actually attached to the Squadron, to make reveille also,

or in certain cases to spell me if I wanted to take a little morning sleep.

One very important matter to which I have given especial attention has been athletics, which, as you know, is of vital importance in not only the development of young men, but also of soldiers. Having that in mind, I immediately appointed an athletic committee of nine of the leading athletes and we have a field right opposite the officers' quarters, adjoining government property, which we are laying out to have a quarter mile cinder track, two tennis courts, basket ball, bally ball and hand ball courts. The bally ball and hand ball courts we already have. Of course, baseball at this season has to be given very special attention. We have two professional ball players and a wealth of material even though we have such a small outfit. Unfortunately we have no available field right by the camp, but as transportation is our long suit, it is very simple for us to send the baseball squad down every day to a field which we are about to lay out on some property belonging to the C. & O. Railroad, within five minutes' ride from the camp. I also have secured the free use of the fine professional ball park in Richmond for use of our team every Sunday afternoon and for Saturday afternoons on which we can book games.

I do not know whether I have written about the Tuesday night meetings in our recreation hall which I organized about a month ago. This was my own idea and has been, so the men have been kind enough to say, a success. I organized three committees, speaker, music and athletics, and am a self-constituted honorary chairman. On that night every week we have a speaker, generally from outside, who talks for about thirty minutes, together with music from our Jazz band and individual musical stunts by the soldiers. We also have some boxing bouts and wrestling matches every week. The party generally ends up by the soldiers dancing with each other, with music from our Jazz band. The only drawback to my having organized these Tuesday meetings is that it keeps me busy arranging for the speaker the following week.

One thing I have not mentioned is that I am gradually turning into a preacher, as I have given numerous short talks to the whole outfit at various times and have tried to instill the desire to become good soldiers and clean men in them and I firmly believe my little talks have already produced results. As you know, I am not a genius, but only an average man, but with my previous long military training and with the wonderful home training and education which I received, I believe that I can make good in this job. I told the men one day that what they needed was leadership, which they had never had, and if I found that I was not the proper man, I would apply to the commanding officer of the post to be relieved, but I thought with their co-operation and backing, things would be a go."

News from Capt. Noel B. Fox

(Extracts from letters to his sister.)

"In spite of the hard fighting which seems to be going on elsewhere in France the surroundings of our training camp seem as far removed from actual hostilities as those at Camp Upton or Fort Sill or any military post in time of peace. In some ways it seems more like the latter than Upton or Sill as it seems to lack the air of haste and confusion which prevailed at those places.

We are very comfortably situated. Then also we have a more formal mess

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than at Upton, with French cooks and waitresses, French food and French methods of serving in many courses. This mess is attended by the senior officers of each artillery organization here, and at dinner each evening we have to wait outside until the general arrives and goes to his place. Then he stands there while all the rest of us come in and stand at our places, whereupon he sits down and we do likewise. When he has finished and goes out we all stand, after which we can go and not before.

Although we have not been near any place where hostile shots have been fired, yet we have already had a chance to fire our guns and we are getting good firing practice. I fired the first salvo fired in France by any of the artillery organizations now in this camp. There are several other camps of American troops in this region and we have seen a number of our friends who are in them. For example, I have seen three men who were in Troop A on the border.

To-day being Decoration Day, we have no work this afternoon and many of the men have been given passes to go to the neighboring city where there is to be an athletic meet of American soldiers. We are living here in small but fairly well built buildings and we have spent only one night under canvas since the regiment was organized.

June 5th. We are still at the training camp where we arrived a few days after landing. We are still undergoing a strenuous course of study, drill, target practice and other training, but otherwise we are living very comfortably with the band playing each evening outside the officers' mess during table d'hote dinner. All the surroundings look so peaceful that it is difficult to realize that such a tremendous warfare is going on at this instant in this very country.

Our work and surroundings may change very completely and very suddenly at any time, but of course we have no idea as to when we shall be called on to take our part in the real work of war. I am very glad to hear from you what regiment Edgar is in. The Captain who is the chief instructor for our Battalion in the Artillery School here is from that regiment and at least one other of the instructors of the school also."

Henry Brooks of Woburn, Mass.

(Concluded)

His son Henry, about 1698, came down from Massachusetts and settled in New London, Conn. He left a numerous family.

As descendants from Henry (1) Brooks we all have a great interest in his history,—altogether too meagre to be satisfactory. The suggestion that the Thomas Brooks of East Haddam, Conn., was another son, is only a probability, for the essential item of absolute proof is yet lacking; the theory can only be held as a clue to subsequent research. Nothing has been found so far, however, that conflicts with the conjecture, and on the other hand there are several items of circumstantial evidence that support this tentative theory of identification.

It is very clear as to what brought the Foxes to New London as settlers, as they evidently came as children with their mother when she became, in 1661,

the third wife of Andrew (1) Lester. Some curiosity may be naturally felt as to how Andrew Lester's attention was directed towards the widow Hannah (Brooks) Fox when, in 1661, he set out to supply the deficiency of a wife in his household. Concord, Mass., and New London, Conn., were far separated in those days, but just about this time New London brought down from Concord, Mass., a pastor to take charge of their church, in the person of the Rev. Gershom (2) Bulkely, son of Peter (1) Bulkeley, the reverend founder of the church at Concord. Andrew Lester may have been an intermediary and met the widow Fox during the negotiations.

However, the fact is certain that we of the New London Fox tribe, who later spread out into Groton, Norwich, Colchester, Lyme and East Haddam, Connecticut, and later on to the world's boundary, must look to Henry Brooks, of Woburn, Mass., as a common ancestor, and it is hoped this brief sketch will present a matter of personal interest to you all.

The end.

Family News

Helen has designed and superintended the making of a rag doll "Baby Patacake" that is being sold for a dollar and a half for the benefit of the children of Flanders.

Charles Ivins passed his examinations for both Annapolis and West Point but chose the latter. He entered West Point on the 14th of June. He says that the life is very strenuous but that he likes it.

The "Gang Mills" at Painted Post, N. Y.

Bert has been appointed Consulting Engineer to the Bureau of Mines at Washington and for the past four months has been working for them and for the War Industry Board, doing mostly research work in the production of "Smoke powder."

Kenneth has been appointed chaplain in the National Army and assigned to the 301st Trains and Military Police of the 76th Division. He is stationed at present at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. An article in the *Springfield Daily Republican* of June 24th, 1918, said that Chaplain MacArthur preached his farewell sermon in uniform and received a gift of five hundred dollars from the members of the church in token of their appreciation of their pastor. Rachel writes that she will remain in Suffield and run the farm until the fall, when she expects to go to Holyoke and remain there with her children until the end of the war. She says that she is getting to be quite a "Farmerette" and that their flourishing vegetable garden is managed almost entirely by herself and her small daughter Marion.

Vol. VII Sept. 1, 1918 No. 5

Work on the Federal Food Board

By Alan Fox

I am an officer of the United States Food Administration, having supervision in New York and vicinity of the enforcement of the food regulations and the prosecution of food profiteers. Since I assumed charge of the enforcement work on January 1st, we have prosecuted about 250 different wholesale food firms for violation of the food laws, and have "cut the hair" of a thousand or more retail grocers who have charged more than 9c per pound for sugar, have failed to sell substitutes with flour, sold meat on meatless days or had fallen into some of the other snares laid for the unwary dealer by the Food Administration.

From the 250 wholesale dealers whom we have brought to trial, we have collected some $80,000 for the Red Cross. We have shut up 9 dealers permanently and have suspended 44 dealers for periods of from three days to three months.

I have no authority to impose any money penalty on a violator, or to direct a contribution to the Red Cross, but when I have found a dealer guilty and have meditatively suggested that it might be wise to close his business, and then have asked him if he might not like to contribute to the Red Cross a certain sum which I named. I found him surprisingly generous to charity.

I have a great advantage over the ordinary law court, because there is no red tape about us and I am prosecutor, jury and judge in one and am embarrassed by no constitutional limitations of authority. We hand out swift, drum-head justice and any wholesale dealer who has made for himself more than 75c a barrel profit on flour, gets the axe with a celerity that a few years ago would have left aghast the judges of our more slow moving courts. At that I am inclined to believe that the justice which we summarily dispense is probably about as near real justice as that which results from the laborious processes of our courts of law.

In addition to the above enforcement work, I also have the decision, for the State of New York, as to the interpretation of the rules and regulations of the Food Administration and in this advisory work spend a great deal of time in consultation with a never ending stream of butchers, grocers, bakers and macaroni men.

The work is of unusual interest and it is the impression of the Food Administration that our efforts in New York have been quite successful in showing to the dealers of New York State that the United States Food Administration means business and that

when it tells the dealers that they must make reasonable profits only on their food business, it is much better for their health to observe the injunctions than to take a chance at profiteering.

A War Librarian

(a Letter from)
Miss Marie Fox Wait

Since May 21st I have been at my post as Base Hospital Librarian, Camp Greene, N. C., doing War Service work for the American Library Association. This organization, like the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C., has raised money and sent representatives to all camps to work for and with the soldiers. The Base Hospital Library is a branch of the main library at the other end of camp, about a mile away. It is in a pleasant room in the Post Exchange, which is a canteen where the men buy tobacco, candy, soft drinks, soap, etc. As the library is for the use of all in the hospital, doctors, nurses and men, you can see that I have a great variety of people, and the taste in reading is just as varied as the people. They read any and everything from William James and Ibsen to Henry and Oliver Optic. A prisoner in charge of a guard armed with a rifle and bayonet takes out an Alger book and the next man with degrees from Princeton and Cambridge, Eng., with tastes to match his training. The men are of all nationalities. I have even found one German, by birth, but rampantly pro-ally. As most of them wear pajamas and bath robes it is not easy to judge of them at first sight, but after some conversation they can be placed where they belong. Many of them come here every day and some make several visits each day. Two or three are always willing to help me and are quite able to manage the place when I want to leave for an hour or so.

I am living at the Nurses' Home and find it very comfortable. There are some fine women, also some pretty and attractive girls. Consequently the young officers get up many social affairs. There has been at least one dance every week and often two. Horseback rides and picnics add to their enjoyment. So you see I am having the most interesting sort of a time and very happy to be able to do a small part in war work. Like the other organizations the librarians wear a uniform. My summer rig is tan pongee with brown tie, shoes, etc.

The Day We Celebrate

On the Fourth of July Uncle George gathered a party of relatives and friends around Gettysburg Tree at Glen Cove and made the occasion a combination of birthday party, Fourth of July celebration and Gettysburg Memorial.

In referring to the two birthday celebrants he said that one was a fine specimen of the native born American (Mrs. J. B. C. Tappan), while the other was an alien (Major Howard Fox), having been born in London on the Fourth of July, but that the latter was now making amends for this mistake of his early life by serving his adopted country at Camp Upton.

After singing one verse of the Star Spangled Banner, Mason read extracts from the Declaration of Independence and Montague read President Wilson's Fourth of July message. The hymn "America" was then sung with American music in place of the usual tune after which Uncle George called attention to the thriving condition of the little cedar tree dug on the battlefield of Gettysburg at the

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"Reunion" in 1913 and transplanted here with appropriate ceremony in 1915. He said: "Those of you who have visited Gettysburg will remember that the Union line of battle was in the form of a horse shoe. The brigade in which were my brothers William and Charles of the 107th N. Y. V., was at the extreme right of the line overlooking a little valley south of Culps Hill. My brother Norman's regiment, the 77th N. Y. V., was supporting a battery on the hill but a short distance away. While the fighting on this right of the line was perhaps less dramatic than the celebrated Pickett's charge on the left, it was equally fierce and to give you an idea of where this tree started its growth I will ask your permission to read a few lines from my brother William's book entitled "New York at Gettysburg" and his description of the charge across the little valley or swale by two regiments of his brigade (2nd Mass. and 27th Indiana). *****It was just about where these two regiments started that this tree was dug."

Alan then read the Gettysburg Oration and Mr. George S. Coleman made an address in which he referred to Lincoln's short oration as one of the choicest utterances of the human heart and stated his conviction that the work already done and yet to be done in this world-war by Americans would go far toward removing the impression, long entertained by foreign friends, that our people, with all their originality and vigor, lacked what is known as **sustained moral character** the capacity of "carrying on" and of "seeing things through."

In addition to Uncle George, Aunt Cornelia, Alan and Little Joe, Ada, the two Montagues, Edith, Howard, Adaline, Alanson, Helen, Mason and little Harriet there were present Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Willits, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Coleman, Mrs. Tappan, Miss Titus, Miss Ruth Kane and Mrs. Leslie. All of them joined hands and voices in singing "Auld Lang Syne" as a fitting close of the program.

G. H F.

Family News

1st Lieut. K. C. MacArthur, chaplain, 301st Trains & Military Police, has arrived in France.

Gertrude has sailed for France under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. She is in charge of a unit of 18 stenographers, Quartermasters Corps, U. S. Army. Her address is Hotel Petrograd, 33 rue Caumartin, Paris, France.

Alice acted as garment inspector at the St. Georges Church Red Cross last winter and works at the Red Cross in Manchester, on garments and surgical dressings several mornings each week. She writes that Cousin Louise Wait has made Red Cross surgical dressings at Knoxville, Princeton, Plainfield and Manchester.

Charles writes that "During the year last past both Beatrice and her mother did knitting for the Red Cross although they didn't work in the Red Cross rooms as far as I know. Beatrice got so she could even knit sweaters. With a girl friend of hers Beatrice held a fair for two or three days and sold enough so that the net return was sixteen dollars The money was turned into the local war chest fund."

Norman writes "I have your S. O. S. of July 29th for news to be printed

in the family paper. I am afraid I will prove a dull contributor. We are very much on the outer edge here and look for news to come our way instead of being able to give out any. Charles and I are out of the State Troops. Since the first of the year a new militia body has been organized in this state under U. S. control. I was over age while Charles was under age. Charles has been to Camp Stevens, Wis., for military training. This is a junior Plattsburg Camp under the direction of Capt. Beals, U. S. A. He takes to the military work readily."

Gertrude Fox writes, "George is examining physician for Local Board No. 1, also for the Marine boys in this part of the state. He is chairman of the Broome Co. Committee for the Council of National Defense, Medical Section and gives several hours each day to his various activities. I am a Lieut. in the Broome Co. Motor Corps and beside driving my own car for this organization I take my turn driving our truck. I belong to the Red Cross Canteen Service and also work at the Red Cross Headquarters each week like everyone else."

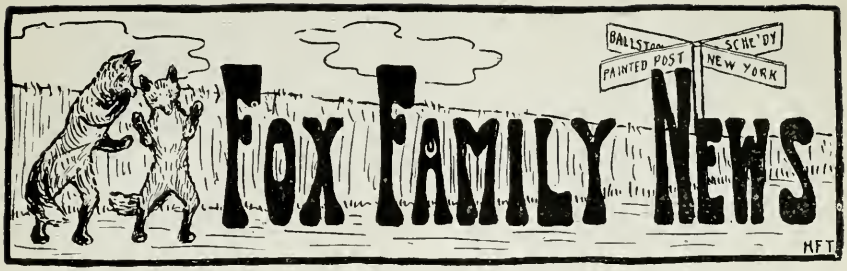
Clinton Ivins writes: "I had been working in the office of the Chief of Ordnance in Washington since last November as 1st Lieut., assisting in the organization of the Ordnance Department methods procedure, etc. At the end of June I was commissioned captain in the National Army and shortly afterwards transferred to duty in the Purchase Storage and Traffic Division of the General Staff. This Division is a new organization commanded by General Goethals and is working upon the reorganization and standardization of the purchase and supply functions of the Army.

Lyle Smith Freeman

We are tackling a pretty big job and have a considerable program in view so that I cannot say just when I am going to see foreign service. That is our big desire, however, and as soon as we can get older men to take our places, we hope that our ambitions to get in the field will be realized."

Lt. Howard Freeman's Wedding

1st Lt. Howard Brooks Freeman, U. S. Marine Corps, married Miss Lyle Udell Smith on Monday July 29th at Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, the summer home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Lewis. Howard and Lyle are now at Fort Crockett, Galverston, where Howard is stationed. The family will be specially interested in this wedding as it is the first to occur in the fourth generation from Norman Fox.



Vol. VII November 1, 1918 No. 6

An Artilleryman's Experience

Extracts of letters from

Lieut. Edgar Wells Freeman

April 2nd.

Have more to say and less time to say it in than has been the case for some months. When last I wrote I was leading an idyllic existence pushing on from village to village with beautiful spring weather and charming rural scenery. Shortly thereafter we reached what was to be our rest billets and had two fairly happy days, no rest of course for we were busy getting settled and there were vague rumors that we might leave soon. I was living with an apothecary's family, charming people, one daughter of 19 and one wonderful little girl of 12. Two of us were there and as the other was a good piano artist, and the girls sang, we had two delightful evenings. The third A. M., sure enough an order came thru at 2 or 3 in the morning to move out at 8 the same morning and since then we haven't slept much. Have hiked long hikes for three days, never knowing each day till early in the morning when we would leave, or for where or if at all. And we would arrive in a town late and not get settled till much later and then no one would know where any one else was billetted, and of course it rained incessantly and we had a pretty rough time of it. Two days ago, after marching for five hours, two officers from each battery were shipped off ahead in trucks, the Capt. and I from my battery. We trucked about 50 miles and then unloaded at various battery positions we are to inhabit for a time now. We had just unloaded our baggage at a cross roads when the Boches began sending over a few whizz bangs and gas shells, so we abandoned the truck and baggage and fell into the nearest hole. Luckily we happened on a dug out kitchen and occupied that more or less happily and decidedly sleepily for several hours while the welcome reception lasted. I may say it was a very warm reception but with our jolly gas masks and sheltered dugout we were perfectly safe and much entertained by the proceedings. At 4 A. M. we moved into our battery and were received by the officers with some surprise, for of course we weren't expected. But they were up and awake and wearing masks.

There wasn't much sleeping done round the sector that night. We finally turned in about six and were sleeping contentedly when a messenger arrived with the cheerful news that we had been sent to the wrong battery and would have to leave forthwith. We construed forthwith to mean after breakfast, for we hadn't eaten anything but a canned warbeef sandwich in the previous 36 hours. Then we moved to the other battery and have spent the time since in getting acquainted with the position and receiving orders as to what to do next. Our battery will be in soon and

then we will get settled. Too bad our plans for a little rest were spoiled as we were in a fine town and were arranging to be very comfortable.

April 4th.

'Tis now nearly midnight and I'm at my office dugout waiting for the nightly gas or high explosive which the heinies rarely fail to deliver. And in my new capacity as a regimental liason officer between artillery and infantry, it's my task to keep both sides informed as to what the other is doing. Sort of a staff job and very interesting as it gives me a fairly good idea of how the doughboy functions. But the more I see of the infantry life the better I like artillery. And of course, the air game is the best of all and I wish I could get back at it. This is fair enough for a change, but the long hours and long period of comparative inaction are a little wearying. My six weeks flying has completely spoiled me for any other phase of the war game. There is at times plenty of excitement round here, the iron men bust round merrily on occasion and it's good fun to dodge when they sound as though they are aimed fairly close to you. You always hear them coming, an unmistakable whine and when they are going to land in your immediate vicinity they have a peculiar menace that makes you hop into the nearest shelter, which frequently means kowtowing as low as the contour of the terrain and the conformation of the body will permit.

April 6th.

My living quarters are much more comfortable than in the battery position. I eat with the colonel and his staff and this morning relished my first shower bath in three months and my first bath of any kind—save rain in several weeks. And I felt very queer afterwards. The effects may well be fatal. It's a fairly lively sector, both sides send iron compliments back and forth intermittently day and night. But I'm snug in my dugout home and as usual am not worrying. Occasionally the rascals drop over a few gas babies, they are not so pleasant as the explosive iron men, nasty little missives and it's very annoying to sleep, or try to sleep, with a gas mask on.

The Boches are fairly systematic and if you are walking along a road and see some shells falling up ahead, you can time them and adapt your promenade to their rate of fall and thus proceed in perfect safety. And it's remarkable how near they can bust and still cause no damage.

April 9th.

When I became an officer I thought I was through with guard duty, but here I am again at 2 A. M., guarding the regimental headquarters. Somebody higher up got some hot dope that our genial friends on the other side were planning a gravel offensive, no doubt some misguided wretch saw a dozen prisoners across the line armed with can openers, corkscrews, and egg beaters and deduced a general attack from that and since then no one has dared speak above a whisper. The infantry are nervous as hell and since all their officers slept not a bit last night and are pretty well frazzled out, I volunteered to sit up for them and spread the alarm. Personally I feel sure the Boches are far too busy with their little fracas at Amiens to bother with us and are probably wondering why we don't walk over and capture them. But these infantry men feel sure there are millions of heinies, knives in their teeth and toe-nails spread just itching for the signal to start them on us. But of course they have cause to be more worried than the artillery for they bear the first shock and that gives us time to get into action. Praise God I'm not a doughboy.

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April 15th.

'Tis now 1.30 and we are expecting a little party at 2, so I didn't go to bed. Have been reading and writing letters all night and discussing questions of general interest with my fellow members of the staff, three of them by the way, Yale grads., the adjutant, the doctor and my bunkie, the chaplain. 1.55—we have just had coffee and toast and jam, we staff officers live in style, and we are waiting for the show to begin, much as football coaches walk up and down the side lines just before a big game. Like a scene in a play, the colonel studying the map; boom, boom, the guns are off and we wait developments. 3.15—all quiet again after an hour of great interest and telephonic activity, and we are sitting round waiting for reports as to what was accomplished. And gradually the staff will wander off to bed and no doubt I'll get to sleep round 4. But if the Boches are not too much stirred up to stage a party of their own in retaliation, I'll be able to sleep, perhaps till nine.

April 22nd.

Had my first good sleep for three nights last night and am feeling normal again. The missing of sleep for the other two nights was caused by a period of continuous activity in our sector. The Boches put across a big raid and things were uncommonly lively here for a time. There were a few hours when we weren't sure whether it was a raid or an offensive. And due to the uncertainty of things and the exaggeration of reports that came in, we were here in the office in a state of pleasurable excitement. Even the chaplain strapped on his Colt and prepared to pick off the first Boche that stuck his nose thru the door. The noise began at 3 A. M., with a heavy fire by the Boches on all our battery positions and headquarters. Our guns replied almost immediately and for two hours there was a continual thunder. At 5 the Boches shifted their fire to our front lines and increased it to the utmost capacity of their guns. The artillery duel continued all day and all night and most of the next morning and of course no one tucked away any sleep. Yet I don't remember a day that passed so quickly. I was on the jump nearly every minute, getting information and transmitting it back, occasionally watching the champ de bataille from an observation post across the street, observing if our shells were getting proper results and adjusting the guns indirectly if they weren't, reporting what enemy batteries were firing most and doing most damage and a thousand minor activities. The chaplain, my dugout mate visited the scene of the fighting yesterday, it was Sunday but not a soul realized it, and picked up quite a flock of trophies, and he was kind enough to give me a Boche tin hat, which I shall try to get back to you somehow. It will make a dandy fern basket. Of course I'd prefer one that I'd picked up myself, but an artillery officer seldom gets a chance and I'm glad to have the damn thing anyway.

Work On the Exemption Board

Walter H. Freeman

The work of the Exemption Board is varied and ever changing. Telegrams from Washington or Trenton are "Fresh every hour." One day we examine from fifty to a hundred men physically, another day we try and console women, wives and mothers who don't want their men folks to go to war.

The darkey who comes in and says: "My wife done died, I'm ready to go now, Boss" and the young fellow of like color who wants to be shown the gun-room when he is assured that Uncle Sam will take care of his mother, stand out in contrast to the Greek who claimed exemption because he supported his father, and on investigation it was found that said father worked for the son and paid out his earnings for board to said son.

The man who is exempted on account of being employed in a ship yard, and gives up his job to drive a butcher's cart, may evade the Board for a short time, but we get him sooner or later. The man who comes in and signifies his willingness to undergo an operation in hospital to make him fit for service, is a joy, and we *do* have a few. It looks now as if all Exemption Boards would have their hands full with the registration of the new ages: 18 to 45. Some job! Most folks seem to think the Exemption Board should be able to answer any questions pertaining to the war, location of different camps, different insignia of officers in army and navy, amount of pay received, etc. In fact we must be regular Cook's Tour Men or "Ask Mr. Foster."

Family News

The following tribute was paid to Gertrude by a former stenographer of Cousin DeWitt Ivins, who writes as follows:—"I wish I could write well enough to express our admiration for Miss MacArthur. She is absolutely a wonder. Her task was a difficult one but the way she managed it was wonderful and if her family could only know what she has meant to everyone of us I am sure they would be glad to know she is surpassing any expectation that they might have of her. She was a wonderful chaperone and was the favorite on the ship. Generals, majors and every man paying her homage."

2nd Lt. Edgar Wells Freeman

Manson was promoted from 1st lieut. to captain on his birthday, August 30th. Stuart was promoted from 1st lieut. to captain on Friday, the 13th of September and says no one can make him think Friday the 13th is an unlucky day. Noel was promoted from captain to major. He returned from France recently and has been sent to Camp Bowie, Texas. He is with the 57th Field Artillery.

Harry's mill is working 50% on Government work. Harry is on the Pittsfield Executive Committee of the Liberty Loan. Last winter Miss Jane Russell started a Red Cross Auxiliary by the mill and Adaline has worked there on surgical dressings. Adaline is also interested in Child Welfare work through the Visiting Nurse Association of which she is President. Austin and Jane support French orphans.

Hope Ivin's Wedding

Hope Ivins married Mr. John Townsend Sharpless Hunn on Wednesday September 4th at the home of her parents in Plainfield.

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